

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 211.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The Great Southern Movement.

The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw attention to the following list of Illustrations of the PENDING REVOLUTION, which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks:

In this Number,
A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON;
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER;
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA;
SEVERAL PICTURES OF FORT MOULTRIE.

In last Number,
THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

In previous Numbers,
A MAP AND PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FORTS, ETC.;
THE CHARLESTON DELEGATION IN CONGRESS;

THE CHARLESTON MARINE SCHOOL, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS;
THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA;
THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA;

FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND;
PALMETTO-TREE AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHARLESTON;
THE OLD POWDER-MAGAZINE;

THE PALMETTO FLAG AND COCKADE;
TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN;

FORT MOULTRIE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that in No. 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new NOVEL by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

Great Expectations,

was commenced. MR. DICKENS'S Story will be richly illustrated by JOHN MCELHEN, Esq.

It is printed from the Manuscript and proof-sheets of the Author.

Any person who remits FOUR DOLLARS to the Publishers will receive both *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* for one year, and will thus provide himself with the best reading of the day, published in a beautiful and attractive style, for a very small sum of money.

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MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER.

We are indebted to Mrs. Anderson, wife of Major Anderson, for the likeness from which the accompanying portrait of that gallant officer has been copied. It may be safely said that he, above all other men, is in every one's thoughts and conversation at the present time.

Major Anderson is a Kentuckian; he was born in that State in September, 1805. At the age of fifteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1825. He joined the army with the rank of Second-Lieutenant of the Second and subsequently of the Third Artillery. In 1832 he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War; Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect being a captain of those volunteers. In 1833 he received his commission as First-Lieutenant, and became Instructor and Inspector at West Point. This post he held for four years, during which period he collected the material for his work on Artillery, the standard text-book on the subject.

In 1838, for gallantry in the Florida War, he was made Brevet-Captain, and soon afterward joined General Scott's military family as aide-de-camp. The relations of Major Anderson with the gallant old chief were so friendly and agreeable that one can well imagine the interest felt by the latter in the Major's present movements. In October, 1841, so slow is promotion in our army, Anderson received his commission as captain in his regiment.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was intrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise on the

part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field-officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino;" and adds, that "Brevet-Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry, Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defense of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First Artillery, which he now holds.

All last summer Major Anderson was occupied as a member of the Commission appointed to inspect the United States Military Academy at West Point—a Commission, by-the-way, whose report singularly confirms certain strictures passed on the diet of the cadets in this journal last summer. It was only six weeks ago that he took the command at Fort Moultrie.

Of Major Anderson's physique a writer, who seems to know him well, says:

"In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well-set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eyes dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant genialities go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified."

It is universally conceded by all who know Major Anderson, that he is a man who will die at his post rather than surrender. The following letter, written by him on Christmas Day to a friend in Baltimore, shows that he is as modest as he is brave:

"FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.]
Dear Sir,—I thank you for the trouble you were kind enough to take in correcting some of the rumors about me. You are right in the opinion that I could not, and would not, say any thing contradictory of them. My plan always has been to try to do my duty honestly and fully; and to trust that, in the good sense of justice of the people, they would give me credit for good intentions, even if my judgment should turn out not to have been good.
"I must confess that I regret that the papers are making so much of my position here. I do not deserve the least credit for what I am doing—nothing more than any one else would do in my position—and, perhaps, not half so well as many others would do. I receive warmly by every mail letters of sympathy, and many of them from strangers.



MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER, S. C.—[FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ANDERSON.]

"I hope that it will not be long before something will occur to give you a chance of being relieved from my present position."

"Thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I am, yours truly, Robert Anderson."

All the officers of the command at Fort Sumter have seen service. Captain Truman Seymour, one of the most gallant officers in the service, is also renowned as a traveler; his successful ascent of the highest peak of the highest mountain in North America has been frequently mentioned. Lieutenant Talbot crossed the Rocky Mountains with Fremont's first expedition; Lieutenant Davis was at Santa Vista, and Foster was badly wounded at Melino del Rey.

A SEAT IN THE CITY CARS.

Fra diddled—getting late!—never mind it a bit. I've said in the car, and here I will sit. Till my street is announced. I will, I declare. I have paid the half dime. It is no more than fair.

I've been standing all day in the store and the street; No rest for my limbs or the soles of my feet; I am not to die, would not budge for a king. For an emperor, death, or any such thing.

"If a woman comes in, why, they should try to get her in the car," says the driver. "It is high. 'Be home before sunset,' I tell Rosalie. 'She's a wife for a pattern, she gets home at three.'"

They say, to be sure, "I can go with all stand." But they put up a week till it's a hand. I've found a way to get in, and I'll sit. But she down on their toes, and give up with a sigh.

Then they seem so suddenly, and wait about When the cars with a jerk let a passenger out. There's one getting in!—I won't look up at all. But stare out of doors;—he looks very small.

Standing up to the crowd among those great men, Her back to the way—Till look once again. 'Tis a very nice back, and above and upon it, With a cool peeping out, is a black velvet bonnet.

"Dear me! 'tis a bit bad, then, I—up goes the hand—No bigger than Rosalie's—she hardly can stand. 'I've not fed quite so well,' said I, to my friend. In spite of temptations to come, and I will.

Well, I'm glad it's Rosalie's—not very strong; A wee little thing, she couldn't stand long. I got up to let me think; what if this one should be To some other girl, who might like it to me?

And how would I feel if some day I lose Should allow her to stand in the draught of the door? I'm not tired a bit; I am fresh as can be—'Here, Madam, a seat!'—Oh, Prud!—'Rosalie!'

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

MAJOR ANDERSON.

SOME journals have so far forgotten themselves as to censure Major Anderson for his removal from the defensive work called Fort Montrose to the strong fortification known as Fort Sumter. While civilious voices even in the Cotton States are loudly proclaiming that the gallant Kentuckian could not have acted otherwise than he has done, Governor Floyd of Virginia, has carried his pique so far as to resign his post in the Cabinet in consequence of Major Anderson's proceeding.

We tender to President Buchanan our respectful sympathies on the loss he has sustained in the resignation of Governor Floyd. It is a bereavement which he will feel sensibly, if, during the brief remainder of his administration, he should have occasion to sail or to lay out sites for military forts. Judging from the past, Governor Floyd's resignation will not diminish the safety of the property of the Government; though it may militate against the prospective profits of the contractors with the War Department. As we learn from the War Department, that the Allies have concluded peace and evacuated Pekin.

We are unacquainted with the vengeance exacted from the Chinese for the maltreatment of their prisoners. It is to be hoped that it was calculated to impress on the Chinese the value of Christian life. If it was not, Lord Elgin's expedition has been in vain, and the work will have to be done over again. His own reception in England, in this event, will not be enviable.

The brutal massacre of these Englishmen and Frenchmen is consistent with the uniformity of Chinese behavior toward foreigners of every race; and if their barbarous conduct has escaped condign punishment, an opportunity has been lost which might have secured the safety of Christians in China for many years to come.

THE COTTON MOVEMENT.

In one of the late cotton circulars, prepared for the information of the trade in this country and abroad, mention was made of a shipment of 57,000 bales to Memphis, Tennessee. So far as our recollection goes the event is unprecedented. Some cotton has, for many years, been shipped north to Memphis, whence it has traveled by rail to the Northern frontiers. But the amount has always been so small that the historians of the cotton trade would not deign to disregard it till the end of the year. Last year the total amount so shipped was set down at about 300,000 bales—an unusually large quantity for the year. This year it is probable that the receipts at Memphis will amount to several hundred thousand more—perhaps a million bales.

The reasons are very simple. On the fall in cotton which followed the first outbreak of revolution in the South the planters held back their crops. By doing so they very gravely embarrassed the factors, who failed in consequence. Hence, the receipts at the Southern ports for the date are more than 600,000 bales short of those to same date last year. From the tone of the letters from the South the planters do not seem disposed to send on their crop, at the present time, to Mobile, or New Orleans, or Savannah. They must either hold it, and draw upon their resources for supplies for themselves and their negroes, or they must ship to Memphis. They are generally adopting the latter alternative.

Many planters expect to make Memphis their principal receiving port, from the belief that between this and March 4 all the principal crops of the Southern States will be held in store. In this event, of course, planters would have to elect between shipping to Memphis or keeping their cotton. In the present state of science cotton has not been found to be a nutritious article of diet, and it is therefore presumed that the planters will decide to ship to the North.

Thus the ill wind of which we have been complaining is likely to enrich Memphis, and all commerce generally, to an extent which is not dreamed of by short-sighted politicians. That sagacious statesman, Andrew Johnson, may have seen it afar; the merchants of Memphis see it clearly enough.

THE CHRISTIAN PRISONERS IN CHINA.

We learn that Captain Brazos, Mr. De Norman, Mr. Bouby, and others—nineteen in all, French and English, who were taken prisoners by the Chinese, and taken to Peking—have perished in consequence of the severity of their sufferings in captivity. They were tied with cords so tightly bound across the wrists, ankles, and fingers that mortification ensued. Life was endangered, and the wretched prisoners perished in agonizing torments.

We also learn, by telegraph from St. Petersburg, that the Allies have concluded peace and evacuated Pekin.

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THE LOUNGER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It is not yet Twelfth-Night, and until then one may fairly wish a Happy New Year! The wish recurs often, and the offerer the older. In any case, it comes once a year; and it always comes with the same kindly feeling, the same desire to see the year ending in peace, in the future and tender remembrance.

There is one rather melancholy fact made more apparent every time it is heard—no, good Sir, you and I are a shade more silvery upon the head; nor yet, dear Madame, that you begin to see your

daughter doing and feeling what you have not laid either sides—no, a very different fact from either of those, the decay of the New-Year's call!

Oh yes, there is plenty of calling. Fred, Tom, and John, in the olden days, would be heard to begin in thin boots and kid gloves, and they push zealously on; but the veteran of seven or eight and twenty knows that he simply can not do it. He may make a few calls, but he can not go through that list which first fired his ambition seven or eight years ago.

No; the city has so spread, has so crossed the river and included Brooklyn and Jersey City, that you must either really call altogether or send your card, and, true enough, when pleasure has become a painful duty, it is time to try it no more. When your joints will not readily give, nor your intersting spring in the polka, it is time to persevere and acknowledge that your dancing days have gone by; and when the city has so stretched itself that you can not hope to stretch with it to the doors of all your friends as easily and easily as in the days that that is no more, it is time for you to stay at home, and allow that New-Year's has enchain the less.

You may stay at home, and think of the good old Dutch days, when Wall Street was the northern terminus of the city, and of Broad Street the cable ends and stops reached the Old World and the New. You may dream of the time when the Brooklyn passenger bore a horn at the ferry-house to summon the boatman, and the high-capped Dutch girls looked like a flock of geese, and the Dutchman then a man had time enough and not too many friends for New-Year's visits. Then he could sit for a solid quarter of an hour and chat and smile and laugh and wonder, while the young vanguard looked at him with wide eyes, while the city would ever really extend beyond the fence, and what queer descendants would people the streets in eighteen hundred sixty-one.

MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

SOME time more than a year ago, the *Lounger* spoke of the lady, and of Broad Street the History of the City of New York, compiled by Miss Mary L. Booth, who has since been signally successful in the translation of several French works; among which, *Abou Hassan*, *Le Dernier des Bernards*, is an admirable specimen of her skill. The name of this lady is now associated with another little book, edited by Mrs. Dall, whose forcible, temperate, judicious, and unflattering exertions in behalf of "Women's Right to Labor" have distinguished place among those who really wish to open practical methods to women to keep themselves. It is not the technical "Women's Rights" of the late day, but the claim of a common welfare of the sexes which is the motive of Mrs. Dall's devotion.

But we have to talk now of something with which her name and that of Miss Booth are but incidentally associated. The name of Marie Zakrzeska (pronounced Zak-she-ska) is well known to many, and prized as a physician peculiarly qualified, by natural gifts and the most open and extensive study, for the treatment of women's diseases. Her name is well known to many, and prized as a physician peculiarly qualified, by natural gifts and the most open and extensive study, for the treatment of women's diseases.

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freedom from offensive egotism, while it is necessarily all about herself, my mother struck a calm, firm, and capable, she has conquered every obstacle, and secured the heartiest recognition of her ability and skill. In saying so, the *Lounger* but pays a tribute of common knowledge. Yet there pay an underdone of profoundness of these patient biography, of which she herself gives the best possible explanation:

"I remember that in January, 1846 (Marie was then sixteen years old), my mother stricken with typhoid fever in childhood—the list of names is still in my possession—and visited from sixteen to twenty-five daily, with my assistance. I do not think I shall forget the month we were in bed for one whole night. During these years I learned all of life that it was possible for a human being to learn. I saw loneliness in dens, and weakness in palace, a virtuous poor prostitute, and vice among so-called respectable women. I learned to judge human nature correctly; to see goodness where the world found nothing but faults, and to see faults where the world could see nothing but virtues. The experience gained cost me the bloom of youth; yet I would not exchange it for a life of everlasting juvenescence."

Don't you suppose that what such a woman tells of her life is of some extraordinary interest? You feel the interest of her life, and wish they dared to do, Marie Zakrzeska has done. There are heroes without halos; and one such life is worth a torrent of talk about woman's sphere.

BROTHER JONATHAN AND TOM BROWN.

SCHOOL-BOYS are freemasons. The moment they meet they understand each other. Mr. Tom Hughes knew this when he was a boy, and he was a boy in America as in England, and which is always a part of a post of honor upon his shelf and in his heart. He knew that Mr. Brown, and many pilgrims from this side of the ocean, and the famous schoolmaster; but Hughes's story has probably sent a larger and more enthusiastic throng. The Life of the Master was a book for the young, and it was a book for the young. It was a book for the young, and it was a book for the young.

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A HINT TO WATKINS.

WATKINS is anxious to know what the *Lounger* thinks of his pursuing a course of study. He says that he is no longer young, but he has taste and means, and would like to turn his attention to some department of literature.

Watkins is anxious to know what the *Lounger* thinks of his pursuing a course of study. He says that he is no longer young, but he has taste and means, and would like to turn his attention to some department of literature.



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, FOUGHT JANUARY 8, 1815.—[SEE PAGE THIRTY-ONE.]

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John Tennant.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author, by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puff and in crimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was in my head, and that the Law would go on. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go talking about the county, ravaging the houses of gentlemen and picking into the studios youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen-door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should pounce upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had staid my trousers, and I tried to wash out the stain. My guilt in the head of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnable circumstance when I should be haled before the judges.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myriads of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grand clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether suborned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brewery, and knock me about until I was no more? It was his testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined him accessory to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, gossiped on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family feuds.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but my view was suddenly barred by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless and deserted. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place could I detect any evidence of the pale young gentleman's existence. There were no marks of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fell into a general mention of those journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every other day at least for these purposes, and because I am now going to win up a period of at least eight or ten months.

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham began to ask me questions about what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to do every thing, in the hope, she might offer some help toward that desirable end. But she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to like my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or any thing but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, too, she would look at me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it grossly in her face. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look at me with a miserly relief of Estella's moods, when ever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was at a loss to know what Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but I believe Old Clem stood in that relation toward smiths. It was a song that initiated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound—Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the steel—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring dryer, roaring dryer—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice, as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would join in it; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

Perhaps I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I have confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore I said nothing of him. Besides, that shrinking

pommel him all over. In these dialogues my sister spoke of me as if she were morally wrenching one of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a deprecatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

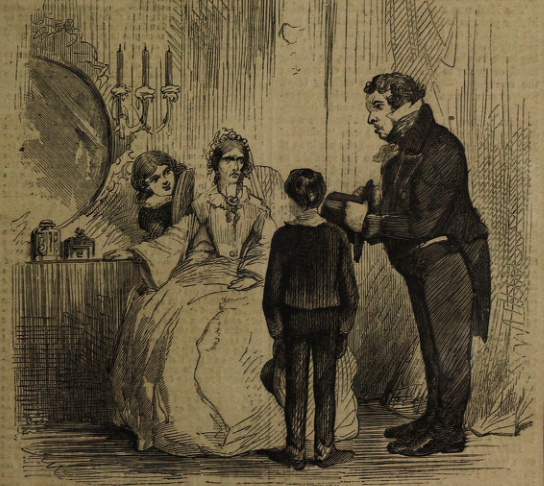
In these discussions Joe bore no part. But he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that it was not favorable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would drive in him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating end to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would stop herself in a yawn, and would swoon upon me, with "Come! There's enough of you!" You get along to bed; you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had brought them as a favor to bother my life out.

Well! We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when one day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said, with some displeasure,

"You are growing tall, Pip!"

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

She said no more at the time; but she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance



"WHICH I MEANTERAY, PIP."

from having Miss Havisham and Estella discussed, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy; and I told poor Biddy every thing. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in every thing I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now. Shade of poor Biddy, forgive me!

Meanwhile couchings upon in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe to this hour with less gentleness than I ought to feel that if these hands could have taken a lynch-pin out of his chaise-cart they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stolidity of mind that he could not discuss my prospect without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was sitting in a corner, and standing me before the fire as if I was going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, num, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be forever grateful to them which so did to. Now, num, with respect to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which, from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve; a spectacle of imbecility only to be equaled by himself.

Then he and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and

when our usual exercise was over, and I had landed her at her dressing-table, she said me with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Then let him come to be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honor to be asked.

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Ranges, as Joe expressed it, in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was dozing under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she was fit for? When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the last-pail—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took to a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Nigger Slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow! but stood feeling his whiskers and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought it so important necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to tell him that he looked far better in his working dress, the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at home alone, Pumblechook's, and called for "when shall I come with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe appeared inclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllabic motto, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large brave bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in painted straw, a pair of pattens, and an umbrella, though it was a fine day. I am not quite clear as to whether these articles were carried gratuitously or ostentatiously; but I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra, or any other sovereign lady on the Ranges, might exhibit her wealth in a pageant-or procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's my sister bonneted and left us. As it was almost noon Joe and I held straight on to Mr. Gargery's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and the moment she appeared Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands—as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us to the gate I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go on, so I took Joe by the coat-tail and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

"I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a warm."

"You are his husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating, but throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Me instead of Miss Havisham.

"Which I meanteray, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I up and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was any ways inclined) a single man."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have heard the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were look'd forward to betwixt us, as being calculated to lead to lark. Not but what Pip and I had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and suit, or such-like—not but what they would have been attended to; don't you say?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well known to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former position by argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own heart. (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him that he would adapt his epithet to the occasion, before he had time to think of it.) There were no objection on your part, and Pip, they were the great wish of your heart!"

It was quite in vain for me to endeavor to make Joe sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite he persisted in being to me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself said you put us on, and then you told me you know they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them to me, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear, good fellow. I knew I was wrong, and I thought I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated, for he made no answer at all. "Why don't you—"

"Pip," returned Joe, "I was so short as if he were hurt, which I meanteray that were not a question requiring an answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well. No, you know it to be No, Pip, and therefore should I say it?"

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her. "Pip has earned a premium for his services," said she. "Here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with wonder awakened in him by her strange face, and the strange manner in which she spoke, he persisted in addressing me.

"This is very liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe. "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though I never liked to see a round of money. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty. May you and me do our duty, both on my by one and another, and by them which your liberal present—have conveyed—to be for the satisfaction of mind—of those as never—here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself be it said." These words had such a round, so convincing sound to him that he said them twice.

"Good-by, Pip," said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"I am to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No, Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

"Thus calling him back as I went out of the door," I heard him to Joe in a distinct emphatic voice. "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room I have never been able to determine; but I know that when he did get out he was insanely proceeding up stairs instead of coming down, and was doing it to my consternation. I could not get into the hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe hacked up against a wall, and said to me, "Astounding!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astounding!" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were wandering, coming back to me, and I said, "his remarks into 'Pip, I do assure you that this is as-ros-ishing!' and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away."

I have reason to think that my intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to be found in what took place in Pumblechook's parlor, where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seceder.

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both alike. "What are you here to do?"

"I wonder you could think of coming to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it very particular that you should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip."

"Compliments," I said.

"Which that was my own belief," answered Joe. "her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery."

"Much good it will do her," observed my sister; but rather gratified too.

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that she should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip."

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

"Of her having the pleasure," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give you Rattlepie here?"

"She give him," said Joe, "nothing."

"Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe restrained."

"What she give," said Joe, "she give to her friends. 'And by his friends,' were her explanations. 'I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery.' There were her words; and Mrs. J. Gargery, 'she might have known,' added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, 'whether it were Joe, or Jorge.'

My sister looked at Pumblechook: who seemed the cheeks of a wooden arm-chair, and nodded at her at the same time, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing. Positively laughing!

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister, curiously. "Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

"That fearful Ironsides," said Joe, "immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair, 'It's more than that, mum.'"

"You don't mean to say," began my sister.

"Yes, I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

"That abject Hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronizing laugh, 'It's

more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!'"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, despatching the money, "I say to my sister; 'It's five-and-twenty pound.'"

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that basest of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her. "It's more than that, mum. I say to my sister; 'It's five-and-twenty pound.'"

"I say to my sister; 'It's five-and-twenty pound,' when my opinion was asked, and I wish you joy of the money!"

If the villain had stopped here his case would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with the right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the right shoulder, "that I shall always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound out of hand. That's my way. Bound out of hand."

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money); "we're deeply beholden to you."

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical con-ducer. "A pleasure's a pleasure to all that are good. But this, you know, we must have him bound. I said 'I'd like to see it to tell you the truth.'"

The Justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to see them. I heard him to Joe in a distinct emphatic voice. "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

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"That abject Hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronizing laugh, 'It's

viewed the whole question of slavery. He was followed by Senator Davis of Missouri, Senator Mason of Virginia, and others, and without taking a vote, the Senate adjourned until Monday.

On Wednesday, January 3, the Senate received in reference to a dispatch which had appeared in a New York paper, a communication from the Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to investigate the defection, offered a resolution empowering the committee to do so, and after some discussion, the committee was ordered to report.

On Monday, January 8, the Senate, Senator Pomeroy of Kentucky, Chairman of the Special Committee of Thirteen on the State of the Union, reported that the Committee had received a communication from the Secretary of the Executive, offering a resolution, and after some discussion, the committee was ordered to report.

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South, in taking possession of property which does not belong to her, in him, Lieutenant Underwood, but instead of going to the Secretary of the Treasury, he has recently returned to Charleston, and the revenue cutter at the bay.

The ship of war *Albatross*, which has recently returned to the Secretary of the Treasury, has been ordered to return to the bay, and has sent to the Senate the names of Mr. McIntyre, of York, Pennsylvania, as Collector, and Mr. Colcock, removed. The ship of war *Albatross*, which has recently returned to the Secretary of the Treasury, has been ordered to return to the bay, and has sent to the Senate the names of Mr. McIntyre, of York, Pennsylvania, as Collector, and Mr. Colcock, removed.

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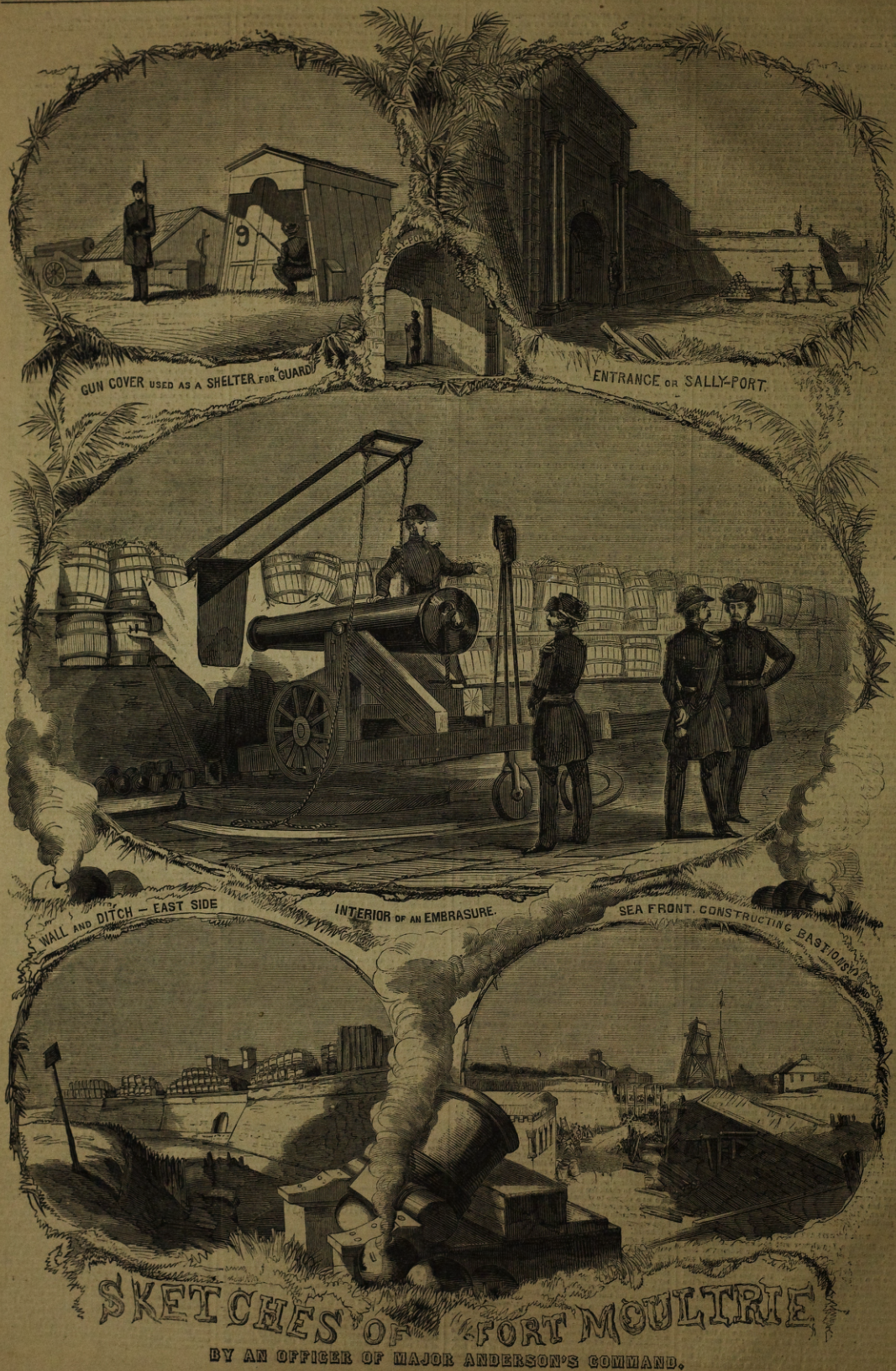
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ENTRY OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND INTO FORT SUMTER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

THE REVOLUTION AT CHARLESTON.

We are enabled, through the kindness of an officer of Major Anderson's command, and others, to present our readers with a series of pictures of Fort Moultrie, which was evacuated by the United States troops on the night of Christmas; also of the occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charlestonians; and of the entry of Major Anderson and his force into Fort Sumter. The relative bearing and general appearance of these various works have already been fully illustrated in the *Weekly*.

The pictures of Fort Moultrie explain themselves. At the time the sketches were taken it is not probable that the officers had any intention of evacuating the work; if their chief had formed the resolution, he kept it to himself. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the weakness of the place, our gallant troops had prepared for a desperate struggle.

The evacuation took place, as was said, on the night of 25-26th December. Major Anderson had dined with the Charleston authorities, and returned to Fort Moultrie about 9 A.M. One story says that the Major deceived his friends by pretending

sleep, and that accordingly the watch kept on his movements by the *Nina* was that night relaxed. At any rate, to use the language of a Charleston contemporary, "the evacuation commenced on Tuesday evening. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed, at a moment's notice; but up to the moment of their leaving had no idea of abandoning the post. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered to two schooners, lying in the vicinity, where they embarked, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc., requisite in their evacuation. Several trips were made during the

night, and a great part of the provisions and camp furniture were transported under cover of night. The brightness of the moon, however, afforded but slight concealment to their movements; and in one of the trips, Lieutenant Davis in command, a schooner full of soldiers and baggage passed directly under the bow of the guard-boat *Nina*. The officer who made the statement expressed himself to be ignorant whether the watch on board the *Nina* discovered the movement or not—at all events, he said they did not signify any cognizance of the fact." Next day the Charlestonians were greatly ex-



OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA, DECEMBER 28, 1860.



STATE OF AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

Member after Member of the Cabinet resigns, or is allowed to withdraw; the Public Chest is empty, and the President does nothing but wring his hands and bemoan himself.—*Washington Letter.*



ARABELLA (with the dog). "The worst of these Fashionable Places is, that there are so many Adventurers looking for Wives, and one is continually afraid of being proposed to!"



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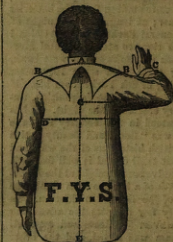
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B, to B, the yoke.
C, to C, the sleeve.
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E, to E, the length
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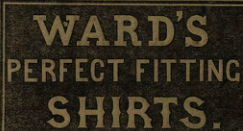
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